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strange, sweet, small music, tiny flutes, and wondrously constructed drums, all murmuring and muttering of long-departed ages.

One more word we will allow our friendly guide to speak. It relates to a much vexed question—to the solution of which every good thinker of our time must make contribution.

The longer I live, the less grows my sympathy with women who are always wishing themselves men. I cannot but believe that all in life that is truly noble, truly good, truly desirable, God bestows upon us women in as unsparing measure as upon men. He only desires us, in His great benevolence, to stretch forth our hands, and to gather for ourselves the rich joys of intellect, of nature, of study, of action, of love, and of usefulness, which He has poured forth around us. Let us only cast aside the false, silly veils of prejudice and fashion, which ignorance has bound about our eyes; let us lay bare our souls to God's sunshine of truth and love; let us exercise the intelligence which He has bestowed on us upon worthy and noble objects, and this intelligence may become keen as that of men; and the paltry high heels and whalebone supports of mere drawing-room conventionality and young ladyhood withering up, we shall stand in humility before God, but proudly and rejoicingly at the side of man! Different always, but not less noble, less richly endowed!

And all this we may do, without losing one jot or one tittle of our womanly spirit, but rather attain solely to these good, these blessed gifts, through a prayerful and earnest development of those germs of peculiar purity, of tenderest delicacy and refinement, with which our Heavenly Father has so specially endowed the woman.

Let beauty and grace, spiritual and external, be the garments of our souls. Let love be the very essence of our being—love of God, of man, and of the meanest created thing—Love that is strong to endure, strong to renounce, strong to achieve! Alone, through the strength of love, the noblest, the most refined of all strength—our blessed Lord Himself having lived and died teaching it to us—have great and good women hitherto wrought their noble deeds in the world; and alone, through the strength of an all-embracing love, will the noble women who have yet to arise, work noble works, or enact noble deeds.

Let us emulate, if you will, the strength of determination which we admire in men, their earnestness and fixedness of purpose, their unwearied energy, their largeness of vision; but let us never sigh after their lower so-called *privileges*, which, when they are fitted with a thoughtful mind, are found to be the mere husks and chaff of the rich grain belonging to *humanity*, and not alone to men.

The assumption of masculine airs, or of masculine attire, or of the absence of tenderness and womanhood in a mistaken struggle after strength, can never sit more gracefully upon us than do the men's old hats, and great coats, and boots, upon the poor old gardeners of the English Garden. Let such of us as have devoted ourselves to the study of an art—the interpreter to mankind at large of God's beauty—especially remember this, that the highest ideal in life as well as in art has ever been the blending of the beautiful and the tender with the strong and the intellectual.

With this truly brave and womanly sentiment we must

take leave of our pleasant companion. We have culled that part of her volume which relates more immediately to the artistic life of the Germans. But the charm of the book is in its personality, in the mingling of domestic and womanly feeling with æsthetic enthusiasm. It is a living not a dead book. It is cordial, genial, and warm-hearted, and will warm the heart of all who read it. Especially in America it should be welcome, where we need the very element which makes an atmosphere around our student in Munich—that joyous and reverent love for the beautiful, which makes a religion of Art, and raises religion from the level of sour asceticism and grudging obedience to that of cheerful confidence in nature, God, and man. Our society is dry, hard, and prosaic. We are intellectual, narrow, and positive in our culture. Nature is for us a philosophical treatise or a sermon, not a song of praise. But the sky brightens over us. We are beginning to love Art and to enjoy life. Miss Howitt's brave little book will be read with delight in many a village where thrift has been the only Art, the end even of culture, and where Fourth of July and Thanksgiving are still the only holidays in a laborious year.

THE T SQUARES.

MR. GRAY THE GENTLEMAN OF TASTE.

(Concluded.)

THE Linden Square continued:—

"Mr. Pinch arrived next morning at Bumbletown station in due time, where he was met by Mr. Gray's ponies and their most oleaginous-looking driver. It was hard to determine what nation could justly claim the honor of having produced this specimen of Jehu. He had neither the *physique* nor *morale* of the elder Weller, and was therefore not likely to be an Englishman; nervousness of movement and action, as well as his vernacular, precluded the idea of his being a Dutchman; he lacked the freshness of the sons of the Emerald Isle, and the dignified modesty of the Yankee when occupying an inferior position. He was in the neighborhood of fifty years of age; tall, gaunt, blear-eyed, sharp-featured, and was dressed in the shabby suit of a gentleman; his appearance was more like that of an experienced horse-dealer, who had retired from business (probably on account of reverses) into a congenial and profitable private life, or a worn out politician, who had consented to accept an inferior clerkship for the sake of the pickings; he had the air of a man who is watching his chances, with one eye in a direct line constantly looking out for No. 1, and using the other sideways, watching whoever might fall in his company. He soon informed Mr. Pinch that Mr. Gray confided to his care the general management of his stables, his farm, and a supervision over his employees, such as gardeners, teamsters, mechanics, laborers, etc.; that he purchased all his horses, cattle, farming utensils, and seeds, and that he employed most of the men, advised in matters of building—in fine, that he was the *fac-totum* of the Gray establishment."

"Was he married?" asked the Steel Square.

"How should I know," replied the Linden Square. "I didn't see his wife. Don't interrupt me. Upon intimating

that Mr. Gray had announced to him the previous evening the expected arrival of Mr. Pinch, he desired to say a few words in reference to the stables; they should be enlarged to accommodate more horses and cattle, and he remarked that he was then in negotiation for a couple of fine carriage horses, a team of plough horses, and a yoke of oxen, which he could buy at a bargain, if they only had room to accommodate them; that he felt greatly inclined to persuade Mr. Gray to sell the horses he had bought last year of Mr. Spavin, because they were not fashionable. Long-tail bays, he continued, were of no account now—black and grey bobtails, well matched, were all the go at the present moment. He requested to have the stalls in the new stables raised, and that the ceilings should not be too high, as the horses showed to better advantage in a low stable when the stall is somewhat elevated. He evinced the greatest respect and admiration for his master; he expatiated upon his good taste and sound judgment, particularly in selecting him for the post he occupied. He had no doubt that, by his devotion and skill, he had saved Mr. Gray thousands of dollars, and if it was not for his exertions, Mr. Gray would be taken in by all sorts of dealers, and (he wished it understood as strictly confidential) particularly by the head-gardener, who, by his blarney, had got the ear of the generous Mr. Gray and his lovely family. Arrived on the ground, Mr. Pinch had an opportunity of looking round on the premises, where improvements had been evidently going on during the past year. The first impression was decidedly striking. About an acre of ground, on a slight elevation, facing the river, was completely studded with a variety of outbuildings, such as stables, barns, conservatories, hen-houses, bowling and billiard-rooms; old and new structures were combined of various styles and materials, all arranged like scenes on the stage, of which the river, with its steamboats, was expected to form the auditor, from whence it presented the appearance of an exhibition of new and second-hand buildings, stored for sale. Amazed at the spectacle, and wondering what part of the drama he should have to perform, Mr. Pinch was roused from his reverie by a smart tap on the shoulder by Mr. Gray, who stood behind him, followed by a sinister looking Irishman, his face distorted with unnatural smiles, holding in his hand a voluminous bouquet, which he offered to Mr. Gray. That gentleman accepted it with a gracious smile, and after indulging his own nose, presented it to his guest. 'Some of the flowers I love best; raise them early for my especial indulgence. How do you like my grounds, Mr. Pinch? Hope I have not kept you waiting long. Did not rise as early as I expected. Isn't it a beautiful spot? What a fine view it presents from the river! Did you ever observe my place from the river, Mr. Pinch? Could not help it, I suppose, if you came this way per steamboat. Here is my grapery, there a conservatory for exotics, there a cold grapery, which I am getting up on a new principle; here another conservatory for early plants; you observe all so arranged that you can see them from the river. Nothing lost: everything shows to advantage—this may be a hint to you. All the neighbors are wondering what Mr. Gray is doing; some say I intend to set up a nursery; they cannot appreciate the extensive ideas of a gentleman of property; besides, I do not thin: it's all money thrown away. You see I have a great many Southern customers, whom I intend to invite to my place when they come to New York. They say Gray is a devil of a fellow, his place is so chuck full of amusement—bowling-alley, you see it anywhere—billiard-room, up stairs, above the bowling-alley. Plenty

of flowers, horses—every amusement in the world! man of taste! They speak of it at home, and it brings new customers. Besides, it's a matter of necessity for me to be continually doing building and laying out grounds. I have tastes, and they must be gratified, Mr. Pinch. The fact is, I can afford it, and I might as well spend my money this way as any other.' Here he turned round to the gardener. 'Send John along; or, stop—tell him to get a lot of white marble from Tuckahoe, to build the underpinning of the new conservatory. You observe, Mr. Pinch, the new conservatory will be seen from the river down to the ground, and I am going to build the foundation of white marble. People going up the river will say, Gray builds his conservatories of marble, as other people do their houses,—it will create quite an excitement. There, you see, I have taken down a hill of about fifteen feet in height. The soil I take to pile up another one down yonder, where the ground is perfectly flat. What gives me the greatest trouble, however,' he continued, 'is *that* stable. You see, it's an old-fashioned concern. I found it on the place when I bought it. It's in very good condition yet, and I don't like to tear it down. You see, I have been building a wing to it on the west side—that wing with the fancy balcony—don't you observe it with the statue on it? The wing was designed by Mr. Chateaux, the French architect, after my suggestions. It is very pretty, but it makes the old stable look all the uglier. Now, I should like to consult you about a tower, or an observatory, or something or other, which I propose to place on the centre of the roof of the old stable, to bring it out somehow. What do you think of the idea? Can't you sketch something on a piece of paper for me? I have carpenters on the ground, and I will have it carried out immediately. Suppose we go into the house to breakfast now, and you take a piece of paper and pencil, and sketch out something bold and striking—not too costly,—I don't want to spend too much on it.' At table, Mr. Gray stated that it had been his original intention, the day he called at Mr. Pinch's office, to remodel, increase, and embellish his house, but that he had consulted his wife, and she did not like to be disturbed this summer by workmen round the house; but he would have the drawings made at all events. 'The house, you see, Mr. Pinch, is perfectly square, 50 by 49 feet, with a flat roof on it—an unpromising shape, to be sure—but I think, what with a wing on the south side, a tower on the north, and an extensive verandah towards the river, something could be made of it. I am not quite sure which I had better do—build a tower on the north side or a dining-room. Mrs. Gray is in favor of the dining-room. I, for my part, am very fond of towers; you can see them such a long distance on the river before you come up, which you know attracts attention. Could not a dining-room be so arranged as to answer for a picture-gallery at the same time—say with a skylight on the top?' Mr. Pinch respectfully suggested that a picture-gallery ought not to be profaned by dining in it; nor would it be desirable to have good pictures exposed in such a place."

"Excuse me," interrupted the Steel Square, "did Mr. Pinch notice any pictures on the premises?"

"No. I heard Mr. Pinch tell a friend one day, in the office, that Gray had contracted with an auctioneer up Broadway for a number of paintings, the contract to include two Ross Bonheurs, a Landseer, six fruit-pieces, ten scripture-subjects illustrating the ten commandments, sixteen Swiss landscapes, and a lot of engravings, showing up Greek mythology. The house, you see, not being done, the pictures and engravings hadn't

arrived. Well, this idea of Pinch's that a dining-room and picture-gallery in common was in bad taste, was at once condemned by Mr. Gray as an old-fashioned prejudice. His taste (Mr. Gray's) was perfectly untrammelled by conventionalism, and if he did not have the tower, he would certainly have the dining-room and picture-gallery combined. Besides this arrangement, he meant to have a couple of niches in the wall. He had his eye upon the Greek Slave, which, with his far-sighted commercial sagacity, he thought might some day be bought cheap. This statue would fill one niche, and he meant to employ one of the American sculptors at Rome to make a copy of Michael Angelo's Moses, for the other niche. After breakfast, Mr. Gray and his guest lighted a cigar, and sallied out, to enter upon a thorough examination of the premises, with a view to initiate Mr. Pinch in the state of affairs, in order that he might make such suggestions as might be desirable for the improvement of the place. Mr. Pinch, to elicit the ideas of his patron on matters architectural, suggested that the different buildings bore unmistakable evidence of having been designed by various artists, and requested to be enlightened why they did not succeed in pleasing him. Mr. Gray said that he was completely out of patience with all the architects he had employed; that some were too expensive in their notions, others lacked force of design, and that all were devoid of originality and quick conception. He thought an architect could sketch out beautiful ideas while they were being talked about, and above all things, he could not see why they did not design something new. He was tired of square windows, columns, cornices, brackets, etc., etc. He thought if he were an architect he would invent new forms; he would make his windows triangular, and would dispense with cornices, and instead of these, project his roofs in the manner of the Chinese—that is, curved upwards; he would set his wings in acute and obtuse angles upon the main building, and to secure variety of forms, he would raise little turret-like projections on the top of the roof, placed here, there, and everywhere—cheap things that would not cost too much; he would cut boards into fanciful shapes, and place them wherever it might be convenient. He had earnestly thought that the effect of twin towers built together—say one round, and the other octagon—might be tried to advantage, and by giving them different heights, and crowning them with diversified tops, a striking effect could be produced. He suggested to Mr. Pinch the propriety of pondering over these ideas, and he did not doubt for a moment that his fortune would be made if he discarded all architectural rules, and followed his advice. By this time they had ascended to the second story of the new wing of the stable, and Mr. Pinch felt greatly surprised at finding it nothing else than a loft filled with old lumber. He had supposed, from the presence of the balcony on the outside, that this was the dwelling part of the model-coachman. They stepped out upon the balcony, where Mr. Pinch had an opportunity of examining the statue placed there. It was a plaster-cast, representing a peasant girl. Mr. Gray remarked that he had bought it down town at quite a moderate price, and thought it a fair figure to represent America. He considered this an excellent place for it, on account of the shelter from the projecting roof, the only difficulty being that the breastwork of the balcony covered all but the bust from view below. He would remedy this, however, without delay. He suited the action to the word by lifting the statue upon an old soap-box near by. Poor Mr. Pinch worked hard for the next month, trying to produce a design which should meet Mr. Gray's ideas

of architectural variety and economy in execution, without departing from good taste. We had many visits from Mr. Gray, and many a summons for Mr. Pinch to attend him at his house and at his store. To add to our perplexity and troubles, Mr. Gray's notions changed every day in respect to what he really intended to do, and how it was to be accomplished. He remained firm, however, in his conviction, that there were a professional architect instead of a mere amateur, he would produce a new era in the architecture of his country. One morning he happened to come into the office while the drawings of a new church were spread upon the table. Mr. Pinch, partly to flatter his vanity, and partly to hear him talk, requested his opinion upon his performance. Mr. Gray looked at the drawings long and steadily; he had them suspended on the wall, and examined them closely, and from the remotest corner of the room, looking at them through his hand and then through a sheet of paper, rolled up in the shape of a trumpet. Poor Mr. Pinch was in suspense. Finally, he commenced by saying 'that he was very much pleased, but'—'But what?' interposed Mr. Pinch. 'It is nothing but an imitation of the many Gothic churches we have about town.' 'How an imitation?' asked Mr. Pinch; 'I think it an entirely original design. I have seen no church, either here or elsewhere, which I could, in any respect, pronounce to be like it.' 'No, perhaps not,' replied Gray; 'but there is the church, and there is a steeple; there is a transept, and there is a porch—all these features we have seen before.' Here he sat down, pulled out his pocket-handkerchief, and wiped his forehead. 'Mr. Pinch, why don't you lay it down?' 'Lay what down?' asked Mr. Pinch, in a trembling voice. 'Why, the steeple, to be sure—the law of horizontal steeples, lengthways on the ground. We have had enough of perpendicular architecture. I should, if I were an architect, try one laying down on the ground. Why don't you build your church round like a globe? Why don't you have your entrance door half way up, so as to ascend to it with a pair of stairs, and then go down again into the church? That would be something new. We don't want this stuff any longer. We want an American style of architecture. If I were you, Mr. Pinch, if I had your genius, I would build the church round, with an entrance as I suggested, and a steeple laid down lengthways on the ground. Then the people would say, What is that? Ah! that's something new! What a genius Mr. Pinch must be! He is the only man who has the courage to do different from other people, and they would admire your talent, and overrun you with commissions. You would make a fortune in a short time.' 'And do you suppose,' asked Mr. Pinch, 'that a design such as you propose would be any better than the one before you—that it would display any more taste or skill?' 'Not at all; but it would be new. If you build this church, ninety-nine out of a hundred people will go by, and take no notice of it, because it is, at all events in their opinion, just such a building as they are in the habit of seeing wherever they go. The elegance of proportion which you may have attained, or the careful study and elaboration of detail which you say you have spent upon it, is lost upon them; but if you go into something different from the beaten path, they will say that it is original, and they will take notice of it, they will talk about it, and you will make money.' 'And would you advise me to commit an indecency in the open thoroughfare to attract the attention of people and display my originality?' 'I don't know that I would; but this is certain, that were you to have courage enough to do it, and then puff judiciously, you would make money by it.' Mr.

Pinch thanked Mr. Gray for his kind advice, but reserved to himself the privilege of following it or not, at the risk of losing a fortune. He also told Mr. Gray that he had no inclination to add any of his work to his architectural curiosities at Bumble-town, nor to increase the number of those who, by catering to his fancies and foibles, relieved him of his money, without giving him an equivalent, and that was the last I saw of Mr. Gray in the office."

Architecture.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.

Meeting of June 1st, 1858.—MR. C. BABCOCK, having been prevented from preparing a paper for this meeting, begged leave to offer a few remarks upon the architecture of our times. He began by quoting the saying of a profound writer, "Architecture is history in stone"—that is to say, it, more than any other art, marks and is marked by the character, habits, knowledge, and resources of a people. The illustrations of this fact are familiar to all who have given the subject of art any study.

The buildings of Egypt bear abundant witness to the power of her kings and priests over the people, to the fixed ideas of religion and philosophy there prevailing; to the popular belief in eternity, expressed in the solidity of their works, and to the sense of a relentless, yet not cruel fate, so grandly shown in those curious creations, the sphinxes (which, it must be remembered, were purely architectural ornaments), with their mysterious expression of quiet happiness, their attitude of dignified repose, and their great eyes looking calmly forwards into the unknown future. The civilization of Greece, the imaginative character and general intellectuality of her people, found their expression in architecture, as in other arts; indeed, preëminently in architecture, for their greatest works of sculpture were made expressly for the adorning of buildings, and were therefore properly architectural ornaments. The remains of Roman architecture tell plainly of the influence of Greek art and civilization upon a comparatively rude but rich and luxurious nation, while the Romanesque buildings show the great extent and power of the Roman empire, and if thoroughly understood and illustrated, would afford some very curious examples of the influence of precedent in art, and of the various ways in which it has been regarded and disregarded. Medieval or Gothic architecture he would speak of with some reserve, for although himself fully convinced that it was by far the noblest expression of human art, yet he thought it doubtful whether its full depths had yet been sounded, or whether we could yet fully arrive at the emotions and thoughts that underlie it. For the present, however, it was only necessary to say that it gave ample evidence that its authors were possessed of considerable scientific skill, great depth of religious feeling, and intense love of nature. In the Renaissance buildings, we see a striking illustration of the general return to classical ideas, which possessed all branches of art and learning at the time when they were erected, and of the loss of character which was its natural result. In the endeavor to express foreign ideas in a foreign language, architecture lost all its meaning, and all its vitality. Irreparable injury was done to art, as well as to society, by giving up national and local character, and assuming the garb and habits of an extinct, foreign, and imperfect civilization.

Now these illustrations will plainly show the great historical value of architectural monuments. We can readily see how

imperfect would be our knowledge of any of the great nations of past times, if their buildings were entirely swept away; for in their buildings they stamped their images—in them they gave expression to their thoughts, their habits of life, their resources, mechanical and artistic.

How different is the state of things with us. We practise all styles with equal facility, and no style thoroughly well. We do not know what style is best adapted to any particular purpose, or for general use; although it can hardly be possible but that we have sometimes thought that all styles cannot be equally good, or equally fit for our wants. There is apparently a general ignorance of the laws of art, a confusion of ideas in regard to it, and an uncertainty as to what its true principles are. We are addicted to the most slavish copyism in our ornamentation. For instance, in designing leaf-work, we have never yet thought of the propriety of studying from nature. We use acanthus leaves, which probably no one of us ever saw growing; we copy from books, and study the designs of famous masters; but we forget that those masters worked upon principles which we ignore. Is there a piece of ornament in any building of this city, from Trinity Church down to the *Times* Building, which the architect has himself *designed*—which he has studied from nature, or devised upon the principles of nature? Again, the art of architectural sculpture seems to be entirely lost, and it is now doubtful whether it can ever be revived. Of its power and value it is needless to speak. Deprive the Parthenon of its figures, and you have but a dead body left; take away the statues and bas-reliefs from a Roman triumphal arch, and you destroy a great part of its value, historical and artistic. Remove the sculpture from a Gothic cathedral, and though the science of its construction will remain, it remains *alone*—the art that hallowed it and gave it life is fled. In losing this branch of our art, we have lost the chief part of our language, and until it is recovered, we cannot hope to speak audibly to the future historians of our times.

In the matter of ornamental coloring, too, we are entirely afloat. We feel that it is an element necessary to beauty in our works, and accordingly attempt to use it, but, for the most part, unsuccessfully. We know of no *laws* by which to regulate it, and books give us very little help, for there is not much in them that is adapted to our purposes. In fact, it is a troublesome subject altogether, and we quietly turn it over to "fresco-painters," whereas we ought to be able to *direct* that worthy class of men, instead of looking to them to direct us, as to what is best to be done. Now, on the whole, does it not appear that our profession is in a state of chaos, quite afloat, and at the mercy of every breeze of caprice or gale of prejudice? And does not the architecture of our times bear witness to this? The philosophic historian, whose task it shall be to illustrate the condition of society in our day by its architectural monuments, will certainly give us a very sorry character. The fault, however, is not ours; we were born into this state of things. But still we feel the evils of it, and it is a serious question for us to consider how they can be remedied. We have yet to define to ourselves the true principles of our art—yet to learn the laws that govern it. It will not do to say of disputed points that they are *mere matters of taste*. If two men differ upon a question of art, both may easily be *wrong*, but it is very rarely that both are *right*. And it becomes us to find out the *right* of the many disputed and unsettled questions of the day. One, and perhaps the greatest, object of this Institute, is to discuss such questions, and to set ourselves to thinking about them.